The World

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THE CALIFORNIA CONVULSION.

Sympathy for San Francisco deepens as the disasters accumulate which render its misfortune unparalleled. The fury of the elements has never fallen upon an American city with more appalling force.

It is not as if fire had merely swept the surface of the city clean, or a tidal wave engulfed it and receded, as in Galveston; or a cyclone cut a path of destruction, as in St. Louis. The ruin is deeper. In addition to the wreck above ground, the underground city has been violently disturbed. Water pipes and sewer mains have been broken, wire conduits disrupted, car tracks torn up; all the subterranean utilities disarranged. The very foundation of the city has been rent, necessitating something more than reconstruction from the ground up.

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As a result of this underground devastation the problem of sanitation which the city presents is a most serious one. In the broken sewers, in the makeshift water supply, in the many bodies which must long lie unburied under the debris lurk grave perils of epidemic disease.

The encouraging feature of the situation is that the nation has never before been so well equipped with organized facilities for coping with an emergency of this character. All the sanitary resources of the Government are at the service of the stricken city. Monetary aid to any needed amount will be forthcoming. New York sent $1,600,000 to Baltimore. It should offer San Francisco double that sum.

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The disastrous effects of the shock outside San Francisco are dwarfed only by the worse calamity in the larger city. Indeed, from the point of view of the scientists the manifestation of earthquake phenomena in this external area will perhaps be regarded as more important as a contribution to seismic data.

The fact that within a hundred-mile radius of the stricken city a score of towns have been demolished with a loss of life and a destructiveness probably equalling that in San Francisco, and that the shock was severely felt four hundred miles to the south and two hundred to the east, indicates that the California earthquake belt must hereafter rank in possibilities of catastrophe with Calabria, Japan and the East Indies.

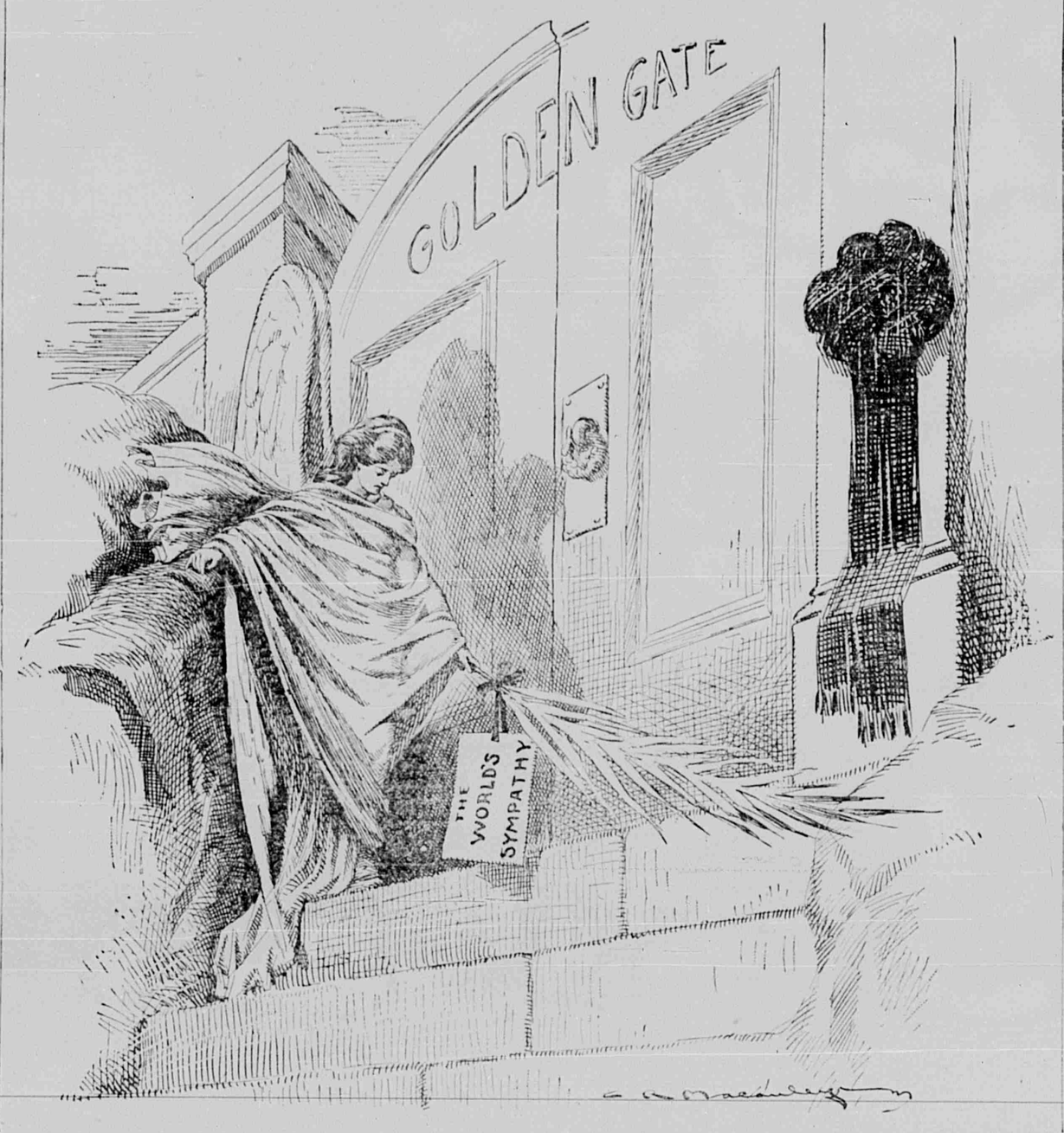
This region, of course, has been liable to seismic disturbances since the first settlers came. The sudden convulsion of Wednesday will reawaken fears which had grown quiescent through experience with shocks of light extent. Can it happen again? The Los Angeles shocks yesterday are an ominous symptom. The Calabrian earthquake of 1783 lasted for four years. On the other hand the Charleston shock has had no repetition in twenty years.

What bearing will these fears have on the future of the Pacific Coast? The same indomitable pluck which rebuilt Boston and Chicago and reclaimed Galveston will rear a new and greater city on the ruins of San Francisco. But from the nervous shock recovery will be slow. Immigration from other States will no doubt appreciably decline until time brings a partial return of confidence.

In the case of Charleston fears appear to have been quickly lulled. While that city increased 1,028 in population between 1870 and 1880 it added nearly 6,000 between that year and 1900!

"The Whole World Kin."

By Charles Raymond Macauley.



Why the United States Is What It Is To-Da.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did;
Why They Did It;
What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 14.—"The Shot Heard Round the World."

A GROUP of shirt-sleeved men, carrying old-fashioned flint-lock muskets and powder-horns, were gathered on the village green of Lexington, Mass., in the gray dawn of April 19, 1775. They were "minute men," a local organization of farmers and villagers, pitifully ill-armed, ill-equipped and ill-drilled; banded together in feeble resistance against the hitherto invincible power of Great Britain. There were but seventy of these minute men gathered on the Lexington green. Along the road from Boston Major Pitcairn, with 800 heavily-armed British infantrymen, was advancing upon them. It was the dawn of liberty.

The New England colonists, foreseeing that the day for resistance must come, had for months secretly collected arms and ammunition and hid them at Concord, a town sixteen miles west of Boston. Gen. Gage, commander of the arrogant British forces in Boston, had just learned the location of these munitions and had sent Pitcairn to seize them. Paul Revere, a blacksmith, had, late the preceding night, discovered the plan and had galloped from Boston to Concord, waking every man along the route with the news and enabling the Concord patriots to carry away to a safer spot part of their hoarded arms. The harsh, uncompromising spirit of Puritanism that had made New England's earliest settlers so cruel and unbearable had now turned those pioneers' descendants to heroes.

The Battle of Lexington and Concord.

Pitcairn, finding his plans discovered, sent back for reinforcements; then continued his march. He met his first resistance at Lexington. At sight of the handful of minute men he shouted: "Disperse, you rebels!" The minute men stood firm; hopeless, but without fear against the odds of more than eleven to one. The British fired and eighteen Americans fell.

The British column forced its way on to Concord, captured or destroyed what arms, military stores and food they could find, wantonly burned the court-house and started back for Boston.

But it is easier to buy than to pay. It was easier to march out to destroy than to return in safety. By this time the story of the Lexington massacre had spread. The countryside was alive with furious patriots. Every bush, rock and wall sheltered an armed farmer. Pitcairn and his 800 walked into a veritable hornet's nest. From every shelter along the route the British met a murderous musket volley. They retreated, fast and faster; then his British Majesty's picked regulars broke into a disordered run, with the victorious farmers at their heels and swarming on their flanks. Only their luck in meeting the reinforcements Pitcairn had sent for saved them from utter destruction.

The news of this rout of British regulars by untrained farmers was a thunderclap to the English Government. It was correspondingly cheerful to all the colonies; proving to them, as it did, that ill-equipped, undisciplined minute men could hold their own against troops such as had conquered nearly every European nation. The flame of revolt, lighted in New England, swept through the whole thirteen colonies. By the end of April there were 15,000 patriots under arms.

Bunker and Breede's Hills, in Charlestown, to the northwest of Boston, offered splendid strategic positions against the latter city. On the night of June 16, 1775, 1,000 patriots under Col. Prescott took possession of Bunker Hill and threw up earthworks. Gen. Gage, who had not dreamed such a daring move possible, sent 4,000 regulars next morning to dislodge them. The Americans were meantime reinforced, until they numbered nearly 3,000, under command of Gen. Putnam, the patriot-farmer of Connecticut. But the colonists were woefully short of ammunition and had few cannon. In consequence, Putnam gave the famous order:

"Don't fire till you can see the whites of their eyes. Then aim at the shoulder-straps (officers)!"

Up the hill swarmed the British. The Americans awaited them in silence. When only eight rods separated the opposing armies, Putnam raised his sword. There was a volley from the earthworks and the British were sent reeling back to the bottom. They set fire to Charlestown and then renewed the charge. A second time the minute men sent them shattered and disorganized to the foot of the hill. But the patriots' ammunition had run out. There was just enough left for one scant volley. Accordingly, as the British ranks, reinforced by new troops from Boston, for a third time charged the hill, that last volley went crashing into them, and with empty guns the Americans retreated. The British loss was more than 1,000 men; the American loss less than 500.

A Defeat that Spelled "Victory."

This defeat meant more to the colonies than any later victory, for it proved conclusively that, on equal terms, they could hold their own against their oppressors. Congress recognized the war, voted a larger army, to be recruited from all the colonies, and chose as that army's commander-in-chief George Washington.

Washington was at that time forty-three years old and had learned warfare under British leaders. He arrived at Cambridge, Mass., in July, 1775, took charge of the patriot forces and began at once putting them into fitter condition to meet their stronger foes.

The war for American liberty was on.

The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Broux, who tells the story, is page to Count Etienne de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The period is 1593, when Henry of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the League, under the Duke of Mayenne. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has loudly come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make Mar assassinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance de Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Mayenne has promised her to Paul if the latter can get St. Quentin killed. Mar sends Felix with a message to Lorance at Mayenne's palace. The lad is arrested and locked in the palace oratory. There Lorance comes to him to speak of Mar. While they are talking Paul and Mayenne enter the adjoining room. Felix and Lorance overhear their talk. The two listeners are discovered and Mayenne vows to kill Felix.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mayenne's Ward.

(Continued.)

"NEVER mind, mademoiselle," I cried to her. "You came and wept over me and that is worth dying for.

"Monsieur," she cried, recovering herself after the first instant of consternation, "you are degrading the greatest noble in the land! You, the head of the house of Lorraine, the chief of the League, the commander of the allied armies, debase yourself in stooping to take vengeance on a stable boy."

"It is no question of vengeance; it is a question of safety," he answered impatiently. Yet I marvelled that he answered at all, since absolute power is not obliged to give an account of itself.

"Is your estate, then, so tottering that a stable boy can overturn it? In that case be advised. Go hang yourself, monsieur, while there is yet time."

He flushed with anger, and this time he offered no justification. He advanced on the girl with outstretched hand.

"Mademoiselle, it is not my habit to take advice from the damsels of my household. Nor do I admit them to my council-room. Permit me then to conduct you to the staircase."

She retreated toward the threshold where I stood, still covering me as with a shield.

"Monsieur, you are very cruel to me."

"Your hand, mademoiselle."

She did not yield it to him, but held out both hands, clasped in appeal.

"Monsieur, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do your pleasure. I thought you meant harm to the boy because he was a servant to M. de Mar, and I knew that M. de St. Quentin at least had gone over to the other side. I did not know what you would do with him, and I could not rest in my bed because it was through me he came here. Monsieur, if I was foolish and frightened and indiscreet do not punish the lad for my wrong-doing."

Mayenne was still holding out his hand for her.

"I wish you sweet dreams, my cousin Lorance."

"Monsieur," she cried, shrinking back till she stood against the door-jamb, "will you not let the boy go?"

"How will you look to-morrow," he said with his unchanged smile, "if you lose all your sleep to-night, my pretty Lorance?"

"A reproach to you," she answered quickly. "You will mark my white cheeks and my red eyes, and you will say, 'Now, there is my little cousin Lorance, my good ally Montluc's daughter, and I have made her cry her eyes blind over my cruelty. Her father, dying, gave her to me to guard and cherish, and I have made her miserable. I am sorry. I wish I had not done it.'"

"Mademoiselle, the duke repeated, "will you get to your bed?"

She did not stir, but, fixing him with her brilliant eyes, went on as if thinking aloud.

"I remember when I was a tiny maid of five or six, and you and your brother Guise (whom God rest!) would come to our house. You would ask my father to send for me as you sat over your wine, and I would run in to kiss you and be fed comfits from your pockets. I thought you the handsomest and gallantest gentleman in France, as indeed you were."

"You were the prettiest little creature ever was," Mayenne said abruptly.

"And my little heart was bursting with love and admiration of you," she returned. "When I first could lisp I learned to pray for my cousin Henri and my cousin Charles. I have never forgotten them one night in all these years. 'God receive and bless the soul of Henri de Guise; God guard and prosper Charles de Mayenne.' But you make it hard for me to ask it for my cousin Charles."

"This is a great coil over a horse boy," Mayenne said curtly.

"Life is as dear to a horse boy as to M. le Duc de Mayenne."

"I tell you I did not mean to kill the boy," Mayenne said. "With the door shut he could hear nothing. I meant to question him and let him go. But you have seen fit to meddle in what is no maid's business, mademoiselle. You have unlocked the door and let him listen to my concerns. Dead men, mademoiselle, tell no tales."

"M. de Mayenne," she said, "I cannot see that you need trouble for the tales of boys—you, the lord of half France. But if you must needs fear his tongue, why, even then you should set him free. He is but a serving boy sent here with a message. It is wanton murder to take his life; it is like killing a child."

"He is not so harmless as you would lead one to suppose, mademoiselle," the duke retorted. "Since you have been eavesdropping you have heard how he upset your cousin Paul's arrangements."

"For that you should be thankful to him, monsieur. He has saved you the stain of a cowardly crime."

"Mordieu!" Mayenne exclaimed, "who foully murdered my brother?"

"The Valois."

"And his henchman, St. Quentin?"

"Not so," she cried. "He was here in Paris when it happened. He was revolted at the deed."

"Did they teach you that at the convent?"

"No, but it is true. M. de St. Quentin warned my cousin Henri not to go to Blois."

"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."

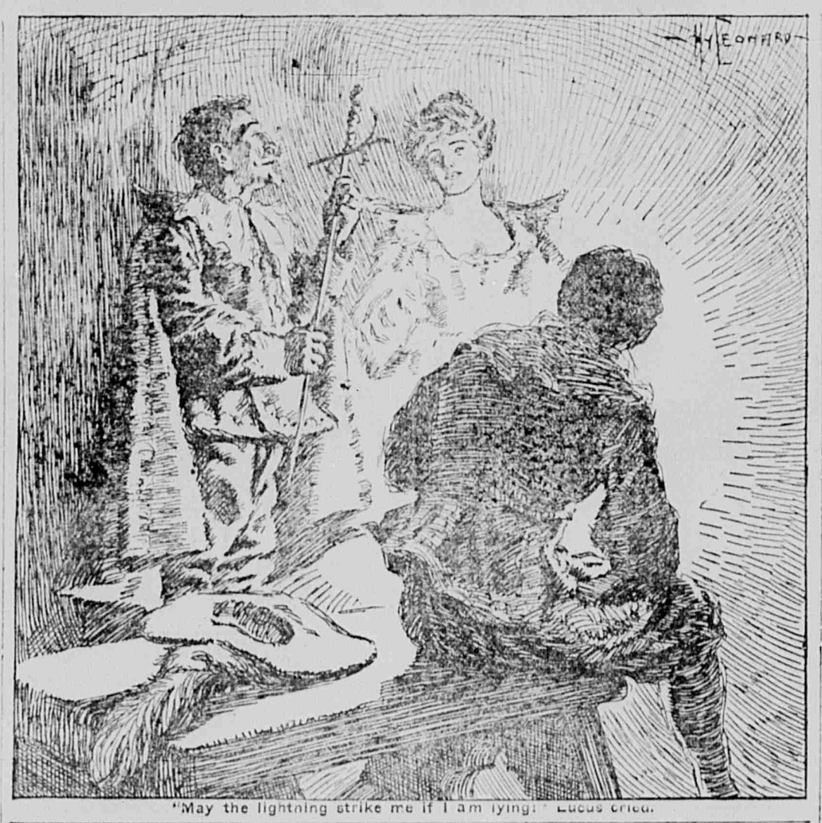
"I think them brave and honest gentlemen, as I think you, cousin Charles."

"That sounds ill on the lips that have but now called me villain and murderer," Mayenne returned.

"I have not called you that, monsieur; I said you had been saved from the guilt of murder, and I knew one day you would be glad."

He kept silence, eying her in a puzzled way. After a moment she went on:

"Cousin Charles, it is our lot to live in such days of blood and turmoil that we know not any other way to do but injure and kill. I think you are more harassed and troubled than any man in France. You have Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots and half the provinces to fight in the field and your own League to combat at home. You must make favor with each of a dozen quarrelling factions, must strive and strive to placate and loyalize them all. The leaders work each for his own end, each against the others and against you; and the truth is not in one of them, and their pledges are ropes of straw. They intrigue and rebel and betray till you know not which way to turn, and you curse the day that made you head of the League."



"May the lightning strike me if I am lying!" Lucas cried.

"I do curse the day Henri was killed," Mayenne said soberly. "And that is true, Lorance. But I am head of the League, and I must do my all to lead it to success."

"But not by the path of shame!" she cried quickly. "Success never yet lay that way. Henri de Valois slew our Henri, and see how God dealt with him!"

He looked at her fixedly; I think he heeded her words less than her shining, earnest eyes. And he said at last:

"Well, you shall have your boy, Lorance."

"Ah, monsieur!"

With tears dimming the brightness of those sweet eyes she dropped on her knees before him, kissing his hand.

Lucas since his one unlucky outburst had said never a word, but stood looking on with a rueefulness of visage that it warmed the cockles of my heart to see.

Certes, he was in no very pleasant corner, this dear M. Paul. His mistress had heard his own lips describe his plot against the St. Quentins; there was no possibility of lying himself clear of it. Out of his own mouth he was convicted of spycraft, treachery and cowardly murder. And in the Hotel de Lorraine, as in the Hotel de St. Quentin, his betrayal had come about through me. I was unwitting agent in both cases; but that did not make him love me the more. Could eyes slay I had fallen of the glance he shot me over mademoiselle's bowed head; but when she rose he said to her:

"Mademoiselle, the boy is as much my prisoner as M. le Duc's, since I got him here. But I too freely give him up to you."

She swept him a curtsey silently without looking at him. He made an eager pace nearer her.

"Lorance," he cried in a low, rapid voice, "I see I am out of your graces. Now, by Our Lady, what's life worth to me if you will not take me back again? I admit I have tried to ruin the Comte de Mar. Is that any marvel, since he is my rival with you? Last March, when I was hiding here and watched from my window the gay M. de Mar come airily in, day after day, to see and make love to you, was it any marvel that I swore to bring his proud head to the dust?"

Now she turned to him and met his gaze squarely.

"The means you employed was the marvel," she said. "If you did not approve of his visits you had only to tell him so. He had been ready to defend to you his right to make them. But you never showed him your face; of course had you you could not have become his father's housemate and Judas. Oh, I blush to know that the same blood runs in your veins and mine!"

"You speak hard words, mademoiselle," Lucas returned, keeping his temper with a stern effort. "You forget that we live in France in war time and not in the kingdom of heaven. I was toiling for more than my own revenges. I was working at your cousin Mayenne's commands, to aid our holy cause, for the preservation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic kingdom of France."

"Your conversion is sudden then; only an hour ago you were working for nothing and no one but Paul de Lorraine."

"Come, come, Lorance," Mayenne interposed, his caution setting him ever on the side of compromise. "Paul is no worse than the rest of us. He hates his enemies, and so do we all; he works against them to the best of his power, and so do we all. They are Kingsmen, we are Leaguers; they fight for their side and we fight for ours. If we plot against them they plot against us; we murder lest we be murdered. We cannot scruple over our means. Nom de dieu, mademoiselle, what do you expect? Civil war is not a dancing school."

"Mademoiselle is right," Lucas said humbly, refusing any defense. "We have been using cowardly means, weapons unworthy of Christian gentlemen. And I at least cannot plead M. le Duc's excuse that I was blinded in my zeal for the Cause. For I know and you know there is but one cause with me. I went to kill St. Quentin because I was promised you for it, as I would have gone to kill the Pope himself. This is my excuse; I did it to win you. There is no crime in God's calendar I would not commit for that."

He had possessed himself of her hand and was bending over her, burning her with his hot eyes. Mass of lies as the man was, in this last sentence I knew he spoke the truth.

She strove to free herself from him with none of the flattered pride in his declaration which he had perhaps looked for. Instead, she eyed him with positive fear, as if she saw no way of escape from his rampant desire.

"I wish rather you would practise a little virtue to win me," she said.

"So I will if you ask it," he returned unabashed. "Lorance, I love you so there is no depth to which I could not stoop to gain you; there is no height to which I cannot rise. There is no shame so bitter, no danger so awful, that I would not face it for you. Nor is there any sacrifice I will not make to gain your good will. I hate M. de Mar above any living man because you have smiled on him; but I will let him go for your sake. I swear to you before the figure of Our Blessed Lady there that I will drop all enmity to Etienne de Mar. From this time forward I will neither move against him nor cause others to move against him in any shape or manner, so help me God!"

He dropped her hand to kiss the cross of his sword. She retreated from him, her face very pale, her breast heaving.

"You make it hard for me to know when you are speaking the truth," she said.

"May the lightning strike me if I am lying!" Lucas cried. "May my tongue rot at the root if ever I lie to you, Lorance!"

"Then I am very grateful and glad," she said gravely, and again curtseyed to him.

"Yes, I give you my word for that too, Lorance," Mayenne added. "I have no quarrel with young Mar. His father has stirred up more trouble for me than any dozen of Huguenots; I have my score to settle with St. Quentin. But I have no quarrel with the son. I will not molest him."

"Grand'merci, monsieur," she said, sweeping him another of her graceful obeisances.

"Understand me, mademoiselle," Mayenne went on. "I pardon him, but not that he may be anything to you. That time is past. The St. Quentins are Navarre's men now and our enemies. For your sake I will let Mar alone; but if he come near you again I will crush him as I would a buzzing fly."

"That I understand, monsieur," she answered in a low tone. "While I live under your roof I shall not be treacherous to you. I am a Ligueuse and he is a Kingsman, and there can be nothing between us. There shall be nothing, monsieur. I do not swear it, as Paul needs, because I have never lied to you."

She did not once look at Lucas, yet I think she saw him wince under her stab. The Duke of Mayenne was right; not even Mlle. de Montluc loved her enemies.

"You are a good girl, Lorance," Mayenne said.

"Will you let the boy go now, cousin Charles?" she asked.

"Yes, I will let your boy go," he made answer. "But if I do this for you I shall expect you henceforth to do my bidding."

"You have called me a good girl, cousin."

"Aye, so you are. And there is small need to look so Friday-faced about it. If I have denied you one lover I will give you another just as good."

"Am I Friday-faced?" she said, summoning up a smile. "Then my looks belie me. For since you free this poor boy whom I was like to have ruined I take a grateful and happy heart to bed."

"Aye, and you must stay happy. Pardieu, what does it matter whether your husband have yellow hair or brown? My brother Henri was for getting himself into a monastery because he could not have his Margot. Yet in less than a year he is as merry as a fiddler with the Duchesse Katharine."

"You have made me happy, to-night at least, monsieur," she answered gently if not merrily.

"It is the most foolish act of my life," Mayenne answered. "But it is for you, Lorance. If ill comes to me by it yours is the credit."

"You can swear him to silence, monsieur," she cried quickly.

"What use? He would not keep silence."

"He will if I ask it," she returned, flinging me a look of bright confidence that made the blood dance in my veins. But Mayenne laughed.

"When you have lived in the world as long as I have you will not so flatter yourself, Lorance."

Thus it happened that I was not bound to silence concerning what I had seen and heard in the house of Lorraine.

Mayenne took out his dagger.

"What I do I do thoroughly. I said I'd set you free. Free you shall be."

Mademoiselle sprang forward with pleading hand.

"Let me cut the cords, cousin Charles."

He recoiled a bare second, the habit of a lifetime prompting him against the putting of a weapon in any one's hand. Then, ashamed of the suspicion, which indeed was not of her, he yielded the knife and she cut my bonds. She looked straight into my eyes with a glance earnest, beseeching, loving; I could not begin to read all she meant by it. The next moment she was making her deep curtsey before the duke.

(To Be Continued.)

"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 21, in The Evening World.